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Robert the Brave.

(Concluded from our last.)

THE general acclamations soon announced the arrival of him of the two candidates who was first to be created a knight. The lists through which he had to pass were terminated by a raised platform of immense length, in the middle of which was placed the throne of the count of Toulouse. That prince, surrounded by all the knights of his court, had assigned the seat next to him to the count and countess, accompanied by Elvige and the beauteous Adela.

As soon as the signal was given, Robert was seen to advance. He wore a simple white armour, and the only ornament he wore was the fragment of a shield which he had taken up from the ground after his last combat. When the count perceived this trophy, he was ready to spring forward to embrace his deliverer; but Raymond, attentive to all his motions, prevented him, telling him, that he reserved to himself the right of presenting to him

his brave defender.—The prince, when he had said this, rose from his throne, ordered Robert to ascend the steps of it, and, without permitting him to let down the visor of his helmet, presented him to the count and countess, that he might receive from their hands his scarf and his sword. The count immediately attempted to fold his deliverer in his arms; but, at the same moment, he sees him fall at his feet, feels him embrace his knees, and hears him say, ‘Pardon your vassal!'

Robert then let down the visor of his helmet, and the count recognised him. At sight of him he recollects only his services, and feels no other sentiment but that of paternal tenderness.

‘Where is my son? Restore him to me,’ cried he, pressing him to his heart.

Elvige and the countess at the same moment recognised Robert, and flew towards him. Astonishment, fear, and the eager desire and hope of seeing again him who was most dear to them, filled their hearts; but it was only by extending their arms, and uttering

sighs, that they could intreat the count of Toulouse to give them further information.

Raymond saw their emotions, but was not without fear of their effects : he even conceived it necessary to delay their happiness.

" You shall see him," said he ; " but he will not make his appearance till he is certain of his pardon, and especially of the pardon of his friend. Count, when Robert preserved your life, your son was with him ; never, indeed, have they been separated in combat. You have heard the recital of their valiant achievements ; learn the true motive why they have concealed themselves beneath an impenetrable veil. They waited, before they would avow their birth and their real names, till the glory of Robert should be sufficient to shed a lustre on Elvige. Declare, now, whether your son shall die of disappointment and grief ; or whether he shall obtain from you the certainty of his happiness."

Scarcely had Raymond ended this address, when the count, yielding to the impulse of gratitude, hastened to present Robert with the sword which was destined for him ; after his example, the countess put on his scarf ; and both, as actuated by one feeling, stretched out their arms to embrace Elvige, who, pale and trembling, was sinking under the emotions which agitated her heart.

At sight of this, the count of Toulouse, satisfied that the presence of Roger could produce no effect contrary to his wishes, and desirous not to prolong unnecessarily the anxiety and painful feelings of those whom he so ardently wished to render happy,

quitted his throne and returned to his palace.

The count, the countess, Elvige, Adela, and Robert, were the only persons who followed the count of Toulouse to the inner apartments of his palace. There, when they were no longer under constraint from the eyes of a numerous court, all turned upon them, and could freely give themselves up to the sentiments they felt, Raymond again pronounced the name of Roger.

" My son : my son ! " exclaimed at once the count and countess.

At this exclamation of the heart Roger appeared, and threw himself into their arms. The countess, overwhelmed by her happiness, found herself in need of support, and was sustained by the arm of Robert ; while Elvige, scarcely able to breathe, inclined her head and hid it in the bosom of Adela. Roger, unable to utter a word, only snatched himself from the embraces of his father to fall at the feet of his mother. She could not embrace him, but, bedewed him with a flood of tears. A silence followed interrupted only by sighs. The count at length recovered sufficient strength to execute a resolution he had that instant formed. He approached Elvige, while yet trembling, supported her, and taking her hand, put it into that of Roger, as he knelt before the countess.

We shall leave our readers to imagine such a scene at such a moment : it is of the number of those which cannot be described, but which the heart alone can feel. It was at once the triumph of paternal tenderness, of friendship, of love, and of every generous sentiment.

The count of Toulouse would not permit so happy a day to be disturbed by importunate duties. After having caused it to be proclaimed that Roger should be armed a knight on the following day, he dismissed his court, and rejoined those whose happiness constituted the most pleasing, and at the same time, the noblest, reward of his benefactions and his cares. Happy to avail himself of every thing which he conceived would render them more happy, he previously informed Roger that he would receive his scarf from the hands of Elvige, and that his friend would gird on his sword.

' Robert,' added he, ' shall be invested with the habit of the knights, and adorned with all their insignia; but it appertains to himself alone to choose the ornaments and devices with which he will embellish his shield.—I must, at the same time, inform him, that if there is any lady whom his heart prefers, the greatest and most distinguished homage that she can receive from him will be to see that shield adorned with her colours.'

This last observation diffused a deep blush over the countenance of Robert, which indicated sufficiently that his heart was agitated by the tender passion: but, not daring to confess even to himself the wishes which he secretly formed, and fearing lest his eyes should reveal his thoughts, he modestly cast them to the ground in profound silence.

The count of Toulouse had foreseen this embarrassment, and it was not without design that he had excited it. He had long, perceived the power which the beauteous Adela had acquired over Robert, and he had likewise

observed the emotions of admiration and tender gratitude manifested by that amiable lady when she learned that she was indebted solely to the delicate generosity of that youthful hero for the restitution of the estates of her ancestors. He easily judged that a knight so respectful might have forbidden himself to hope. He had never questioned him on the subject, but had reserved the trial of the sentiments of his heart, and that of Adela for the moment when, raised to the rank of knight, and crowned with glory, he should have passed the interval which separated him from her.

Adela had till then been ignorant that the birth of Robert was much inferior to her own; he was in her eyes her benefactor, and the most amiable of heroes. She had frequently observed that she was alone the object of his timid and respectful attention. Without inquiring how far her heart was capable of a tender affection, she did not fear that it would always remain indifferent; and when she sometimes recollects that it would be one day necessary to choose an object on whom her delicate nature might rely for support, her pure, and, as yet, disengaged heart felt that she might be rendered happy by bestowing the preference on Robert.—Her affection for Elvige had become more lively since she had learned that she was the sister of that hero.—When she heard the count of Toulouse intimate to him that he might ornament his shield with the colours of the lady to whom he was most fervently attached, her attention was strongly excited, the pulsations of her heart were even accelerated, and at that moment it was visible that she

was desirous to discover the cause of the silence, the blushes, and the embarrassment of Robert.

Various observations of the same nature convinced the penetrating count of Toulouse of the real sentiments of Adela ; but, respecting the mournful attire in which she was still habited, he would not urge a confession which time and the obsequious attentions of Robert ought alone to produce : having, therefore, no doubt of the ultimate success of so respectful a lover, he extricated him from the embarrassment into which he had thrown him, by signifying to him that it was now proper that he should go and make ready his shield.

The count of Toulouse did not confine his attention to giving the necessary orders for the ceremony in which Roger was to be armed a knight. He availed himself of the transports which the count and countess experienced at the recovery of their son to obtain from them a promise, that, from the field of honour, they would conduct him to the foot of the altar, to consecrate there his union with Elvige.

The next day, as soon as the trumpets had announced the commencement of the ceremonies, the count of Toulouse seated himself on his throne. The barriers were thrown open. Robert advanced first, clad in magnificent armour, for which he was indebted to the generosity of his sovereign. His shield was covered with a white veil, which it appertained only to the count of Toulouse to remove. He presented it to exhibit the emblems, colours, and device, he had chosen, that they might be solemnly recorded.

As soon as Raymond had taken off

the veil, a *white field* appeared, on which a large *black ribband* held the *fragment of a shield*. Above was this device, or motto : ‘ *Every thing is obtained by glory.*’

The first duty of the new knight was to declare aloud the motives which had induced him to choose the emblems, colours, and device, he exhibited. A general silence, therefore, took place.

‘ The white field of this shield,’ said Robert, ‘ will continually remind me that the life of a knight ought to be without blemish and without reproach; it will also admonish me that I cannot transmit to posterity any honourable remembrance of myself, except I acquire the right of embellishing it by emblems which may attest glorious actions.

‘ The fragment of a shield, which adorns the white field, is the trophy at once the most honourable to me and the most dear.

‘ The black ribband is the symbol of my obscure origin: it will incessantly remind me that I am nothing in myself, and that I can obtain nothing but by glorious achievements.’

The modesty of this declaration excited general admiration. The count felt his gratitude to Robert redouble, when he heard him style the act by which he had saved his life the most glorious he had achieved. Adela could not but attentively remark his choice of the black colour, and the count of Toulouse rendered her still more thoughtful by saying to her: ‘ So much delicacy merits that the motto of Robert should be completely verified.’

The reception of Roger was as brilliant as that of Robert had been; and,

having attained on that day the summit of happiness, he had no other wish to form than that he might see the good fortune of his friend become equal to his own.

When time had softened the grief of Adela for the death of her father, her tender friendship for Elvige rendered her so sensible to the happiness she saw her enjoy, she was so agitated by the desire of proving her gratitude to Robert, whose sacrifice for her sake it was so difficult adequately to recompence, that she at length consulted the count of Toulouse on the means she could take to acquit herself of the obligations she owed to the most respectful, the most delicate, and most tenderly devoted of knights. Raymond suggested, and found it not difficult to persuade her, that Robert could only be duly rewarded and rendered truly happy by receiving the present of her hand.

It was from one of the descendants of Adela and Robert that we received the title deed in which we found the facts we have here narrated. Were it permitted us to mention his name, all France would delight to declare that he inherits the fidelity, courage, and all the noble qualities of his illustrious ancestor.

Our readers may be assured that the honest and faithful Rainulf received all the distinctions and rewards which his assiduity and constant fidelity merited.

In a mixed company let your conversation be very guarded, for, without intending it you may say something, which a person present may consider as personal, and for which you may be obliged to make an apology.

From the Connecticut Mirror.

AMUSEMENT.

There is a great deal of Amusement in the following *jeu d'esprit*; but there would be a great deal more to *married men*, if the latter part of it were not so frequently *true*. It is selected from the first volume of a series of fugitive pieces called "The annual Anthology," and published in London, in 1799. The authors of the series were Dyer, Southey, C. Lloyd, Mrs. Opie, Cottle, and Beddoes; but I do not know to which of them to attribute it.

"THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE."

[There is in Cornwall, near the parish of St. Noet's, a well, arched over with the robes of four kinds of trees, willow, oak elm, and ash, dedicated to St. Keyne. The reported virtue of the water is this, that whether husband or wife come first to drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby. [Fuller.]

A well there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the *Well of St. Keyne.*]

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash-tree grow;
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne,
Full pleasant it was to his eye,
For from cock-crow he had been travellin g
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he;
And he sat himself down on the bank,
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town,
At the Well to fill his pail,
On the well-side he rested it
And bade the stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth
he;
"For an if thou hast a wife,

The happiest draught thou hast drank this day,
That ever thou didst in thy life.

Or has your good woman, if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been,
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman, who never was here,"
The stranger made reply,
"But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why."

"St. Keyne, quoth the countryman "many a time
Drank of this crystal Well,
And before the angel called her away
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband of this gifted Well
"Shall drink before his wife,
"A happy man thenceforth is he,
"For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first,
"God help the husband then!"

The stranger stoop't to the Well of St. Keyne
And drank of the waters again.

"You drank of the Well, I warrant, be-times?"
He to the countryman said;
But the countryman smil'd as the stranger spoke,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
"And left my wife in the porch;
"But I faith she had been much wiser than me,
"For she took a bottle to church."

I have attempted, but in vain, Mr. Editor, to determine the period, when this good lady, Mistress St. Keyne, flourished. There is no account of her, if I remember right, in the Bible, and yet several ladies, there, stand on

record, as having drank at her well. Sarah, Deborah, Mrs. Potiphar, Job's wife, and Abigail were certainly there before their husbands; not to mention Jezebel. If we suppose a tradition from the remotest antiquity, handed down, among the women, about St. Keyne and her wells, will it not happily account for the fact, that women in the days of Abraham and Jacob, and long afterwards, were so willing to go to wells to draw water?

From all the information which I can collect, I am led to conclude, that this venerable Saint has been very fond of visiting our earth, and that she has appeared in various ages and countries. For there is no civilized nation mentioned in history, in which there is not ample proof of her having instituted a well. She has, indeed, rarely if ever been seen among savages, for (luckily for them) they never dig wells. Their wives are, of course, proverbial for their conjugal submission. Yet she is not very nice on this point, for Symes, in his "Embassy to Ava," mentions it as an immemorial custom in that country, for the ladies, on a particular day of the year, to throw a pail of water on every man they meet---water drawn unquestionably, from a well of St. Keyne.

I am not much acquainted with the domestic economy of other parts of New-England; but certain I am from the past and present state of things in the district where I live, that madam St. Keyne was one of the first settlers of the colony. From a variety of scraps in our ancient history one is forced to believe; and believing, to regret; that the first work our ancestors un-

dertook was the digging her a well; for though family secrets of this kind are not apt to leak out, yet enough have oozed to indicate the pressure within.

That there is such a well in my neighbourhood, Mr. Editor, no man acquainted with the subject can *honestly* deny. It is but a few days since I heard one of my neighbours assert it as a positive fact that there was *but one man* in his street, (*not meaning himself*) who governed his wife; and *NOT ONE* in the street adjoining! As far as I can learn these two streets are fair representatives of the rest of the town.

Uncle Selby, in Sir Charles Grandison complains that women have too much *Freemasonry*. I never realized the truth of the complaint, 'till I considered, that, in spite of their *natural propensity*, the ladies in this part of the country have been able for a century and a half to keep the situation of their well of St. Keyne so profound a secret. That there is such a well somewhere in the country round about is fully proved by that very just mode of arguing *from effects to their causes*:

" For there is not a wife in the whole country,

" But has drank of the well of St. Keyne."

I have heard frequent complaints of the wells in this town, and several gentlemen have seriously proposed to have it supplied with water *by aqueducts*. But this plan would be ineffectual, unless we could induce the ladies to allow *all* the wells to be filled up; (a concession not to be hoped;) as I am fully persuaded, that if *but one well* remained, it would prove a *well of St.*

Keyne. In such a state of things, what man among us is not ready to exclaim with the old Roman Historian

O sacula auri, cum homines e fontibus hauriebant?

O the golden days, before mankind dug wells!

UXORI NUPTUS.

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

AMONG the favourites of nature that have from time to time appeared in the world, enriched with various endowments and contrarieties of excellence, none seems to have been more exalted above the common rate of humanity, than the man known about two centuries ago by the appellation of the **ADMIRABLE CRICHTON**; of whose history, whatever we may suppress as surpassing credibility, yet we shall upon incontestable authority, relate enough to rank him among prodigies.

" Virtue," says Virgil, " is better accepted when it comes in a pleasing form;" the person of Crichton was eminently beautiful; but his beauty was consistent with such activity and strength, that in fencing he would spring at one bound the length of twenty feet upon his antagonist; and he used the sword in either hand with such force and dexterity, that scarce any one had courage to engage him.

Having studied at St. Andrews in Scotland, he went to Paris in the twenty-first year, and affixed on the gate of the college of Navarre, a kind of challenge to the learned of that university, to dispute with him on a certain day; offering to his opponents, whoever they should be, the choice of ten languages, and of all the faculties

and sciences. On the day appointed, 3000 auditors assembled, when four doctors of the church and 50 masters appeared against him; and one of his antagonists confesses, that the doctors were defeated; that he gave proofs of knowledge above the reach of man; and that a hundred years passed without food or sleep, would not be sufficient for the attainment of his learning. After a disputation of nine hours, he was presented by the president and professors with a diamond and a purse of gold, and dismissed with repeated acclamations.

From Paris he went away to Rome, where he made the same challege, and had, in the presence of the pope and cardinals, the same success. Afterwards he contracted at Venico an acquaintance with Aldus Manutius, by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city: then visited Padua, where he engaged in another public disputation, beginning his performance with an extemporal poem in praise of the city and assembly then present, and concluding with an oration equally unpremediated in commendation of ignorance.

He afterwards published another challenge, in which he declared himself ready to detect the errors of Aristotle and all his commentators, either in the common forms of logic, or in any which his antagonist shouſd propose of a hundred different kinds of verse.

These acquisitions of learning, however stupendous, were not gained at the expence of any pleasure which youth generally indulges, or by the omission of any accomplishment in which it becomes a gentleman to ex-

cel: he practised in great perfection the arts of drawing and painting, he was an eminent performer in both vocal and instrumental music, he danced with uncommon gracefulness, and on the day after his disputation at Paris, exhibited his skill in horsemanship before the court of France, where, at a public match of tilting, he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together.

He excelled likewise in domestic games of less dignity and reputation; and in the intervals between his challenge and disputation at Paris, he spent so much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing those that would see this monster of erudition, to look for him at the tavern.

So extensive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy composed by himself, and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is said to have performed fifteen different characters; in all which he might succeed without great difficulty, since he had such power of retention, that once hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the speaker through all his variety of tone and gesticulation.

Nor was his skill in arms less than in learning, nor his courage inferior to his skill; there was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who travelling about the world, according to the barbarous custom of that age, as a general challenger, had defeated the most celebrated masters in many parts of Europe: and in Mantua where he then resided, had killed three that appeared against

him. The Duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when Crichton looking on his sanguinary success with indignation, offered to stake fifteen hundred pistoles, and mount the stage against him. The Duke, with some reluctance, consented, and on the day fixed the combatants appeared; their weapon seems to have been single rapier, which was then newly introduced into Italy. The prize-fighter advanced with great violence and fierceness, and Crichton contended himself calmly to ward his passes, and suffered him to exhaust his vigour by his own fury. Crichton then became the assailant; and pressed upon him with such force and agility, that he thrust him thrice through the body, and saw him expire; he then divided the prize he had won among the widows whose husbands had been killed.

The death of this wonderful man I should be willing to conceal, did I not know that every reader will enquire curiously after that fatal hour, which is common to all human beings, however distinguished from each other by nature or fortune.

The Duke of Mantua having received so many proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his son Vincentio di Gonzago, a prince of loose manners and turbulent disposition. On this occasion it was, that he composed the comedy in which he exhibited so many different characters with exact propriety. But his honour was of short continuance; for as he was one night in the time of Carnival rambling about the streets with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by six men in masks. Nei-

ther his courage nor skill in this exigence deserted him, he opposed them with such activity and spirit, that he soon dispersed them, and disarmed their leader, who throwing off his mask, discovered himself to be the prince his pupil. Crichton falling on his knees, took his own sword by the point and presented it to the prince; who immediately seized it, and instigated, as some say, by jealousy, according to others, only by drunken fury and brutal resentment, thrust him through the heart.

Thus was the admirable Crichton brought into that state, in which he could excel the meanest of mankind only by a few empty honours paid to his memory; the court of Mantua testified their esteem by a public mourning, the contemporary wits were profuse in their encomiums, and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures, representing him on horseback, with a lance in one hand, and a book in the other.

From the National Aegis.

THE SEASONS.

After reading Ovid's description of the House of the Sun, I laid me down to rest, when I was transported by Fancy, to an unknown region, more beautiful than can be imagined. I directed my steps towards the centre, through walks shaded by trees whose branches were covered with blossoms, and some were bending beneath the weight of their fruit with which they were loaded. The fragrance that every where breathed around, the mild temperature of the air, the hues of the flowers that enameled the path, and the warbling of the birds; might

have invited to repose but the excitement of curiosity was too great to suffer it to be indulged. On emerging from the walk I stood wrapt in agreeable amazement. Before me extended a vast plain; at the end appeared a grey mist, beyond which mortal eye could pierce no further. In the midst of the plain I saw four personages mounted on golden cars, with each a sceptre in their hands. Their steeds trod in a continued circle, at equal distances, and at each circle they approximated nearer and nearer to that mist.

The first was a Goddess of gentle aspect and benign mien. Her head was encircled by a chaplet of roses and violets. She stretched her sceptre over the earth, and the snow dissolved in gentle rivulets, the brooks run in their usual courses, and the fields released from the frost, was turned by the hardy ploughman. The plants reared themselves to the light, and the showers fostered the springing corn. All nature seemed to rejoice at her reign.

Her successor was a Goddess of a harsher aspect. On her head was a garland of fresh hay. She stretched forth her sceptre, and the fields glowed with fervent heat. On a sudden, the sky was deformed with black clouds; the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled on high. The rain descended in torrents, and each brook, transformed into a river, swells and maddens. But its violence was soon spent, and the farmer takes his scythe with renewed pleasure. The birds then tuned their sweetest notes in praise to the Lord of Creation. In the noon tide heat, the fields are strip-

ped of their verdure, to support the laborious ox, or the white burdened sheep, or the lofty horse, who all in their turn, contribute to the pleasure and subsistence of their master Man.

Hail to the reign of the bountiful goddess of Fruit! From her sceptre, distills the plentiful harvest. The waggon groans with the weight of the gathered corn. The red apples fall from the trees, and the press foams with the juice of the purple grape. The downy peach is now plucked, and on every countenance appears a smile. The husbandman now enjoys the recompence of his labours. His barns are filled with the yellow corn, the produce of his industry and care. He can now reflect on his past toils with pleasure. At her departure the birds assemble in little groupes to celebrate her obsequies, and the trees mourn her with all their foliage.

To this gentle ruler succeeded another, whose countenance was severe and rough. At the touch of her sceptre the brooks stand still converted into chrystals; she calls on the wind and they obey her; she spreads her white mantle over the face of the earth; high it lifts its mountains to the firmament; the hail rattles as it descends, and comfort is found only by the social fireside, where learning lifts the soul far above the outward storm of the elements, and points with her Fescus, the road to future happiness and greatness.

While I stood looking on their forms, I was addressed by a young God in these words:—Stranger and inhabitant of the earth, what you now behold is the circle of the year and the seasons. The end of the plain is

Time ; when they have arrived at its utmost bound, the fair scene you now behold will vanish to nothing, and with human greatness will be crushed in the universal wreck of all created matter. He then spread his white pinions, & swiftly disappeared, when from the surprise I awoke, and it was a dream.

W.

VARIETY.

CIVILITY.

Two gentlemen at Bath having a difference, the one went to the other's door early in the morning and wrote *Scoundrel* upon it. The other called upon his neighbour, and was answered by a servant, "that his master was not at home, but if he had any thing to say, he might leave it with him." "No no, (says he)—"I was only going to repay your master a civil visit, as he left his name at my door in the morning."

RIVALSHIP.

"I wonder, (says a woman of humour) why my husband and I quarrel so often ; for we agree uniformly in one grand point : he wishes to be master—and so do I."

FISH CAUGHT.

A certain priest in a rich abbey in Florence, being a fisherman's son, caused a net to be spread every day on the table in his apartment, to put him in mind of his original. The abbot dying, this dissembled humility, procured him to be chosen abbot ; after which the net was put aside.—Being asked the reason, he answered—"There is no occasion for the net—the fish is caught."

A Doctor, on going into his boarding house and not finding dinner ready, observed, "What, are there no symptoms of dinner yet?"—"No appearance" replied a Lawyer. "There's a sample of it" said a Merchant, as a servant appeared with a turkey—

"Faith and a fine token it is," rejoined a Printer.

WALKING MISERY.

As you walk in a procession, being reminded that your shoes are one size too large, by a blundering fellow behind you treading them down at the heel every ten steps.

PAROCHIAL REPRESENTATIVES.

A French constitutional priest, who had usually a very small audience, was one day preaching at the church in his village, when, the doors being open, a gander and several geese came stalking up the middle aisle. The preacher availing himself of the circumstance, observed—"that he could no longer find fault with his district for non attendance ; because though they did not come themselves they sent their representatives.

GREEN DALE OAK TREE.

This wonderful large tree was many years ago gutted, that is, was cut through its trunk with so large a cavity as to admit a coach and six horses to be driven through it, which was performed by the late Duke of Portland in his youthful days. It stands in Welbeck Park, half a mile from the hall, and four miles from Worksop, Nottinghamshire—it is now nearly decayed. In circumference it is about 40 feet—the hollow is eight feet high, five feet six inches wide ; only one middle-sized arm or branch remains on its decaying trunk ; the others, which were five immensely large ones, are gone altogether.—Its age is not exactly known, but it is believed to be 700 years old ; and it is supposed that in 50 years more it will be levelled with the earth from whence it grew. The above dimensions were taken the 13th January last.

A modern fine Lady in winter lives all the morning in Lapland, and spends her evenings on the bank of the Ganges.

Seat of the Muses.

From the Athenæum.

Having lately been married, I have made some resolutions concerning my future conduct, which, for the better remembering them, I have put into verse. As I did not know but they might be useful to some of my female friends, I have concluded to send them to your paper; with a request that they would cut them out, and as soon as they are married, paste them up over the parlour fire place, and read them once a day, until they have got them by heart. I think they are pretty well written for a woman.

Yours, MARY.

SOLILOQUY OF A BRIDE.

THE day long expected is past—I'm a wife ;
I must keep what I ventur'd to win :
How great the concern ! how important the life !
That I now am about to begin.

Though the prospect is fair, though my hopes
have been high,
They exist not without an alloy ;
There's a tear that still waits to steal out
from mine eye ;
There's a fear that breaks in on my joy.

In a world of allotments so migled as this,
With abatement all blessings are gain'd ;
And how do I know but that I too may miss,
What so few of my sex have obtain'd ?

Those moderate joys, that the meanest may find,
That contentment which fools so neglect,
Those emotions to ecstasy never inclin'd,
Are all that I ask or expect.

For affections when strong, and when bound-
less in sway,
Are follow'd by sorrows as great ;
The love that is nonsense and rapture to-day,
To-morrow is coldness or hate.

My part to perform in the drama of love,
Is my fix'd, my determin'd intent ;

The ills that contrition could never remove,
Precaution perhaps may prevent.

My table with order shall ever be spread,
My parlour shall never look mean ;
The curls well adjusted shall play round my head,
And my heart—it shall always be clean.

Though married, my labour shall not be the less,
That my charms to advantage be shown ;
'Tis a fault, in a wife, to be careless in dress,
For which nothing else can atone.

If riches we have not, I will not repine,
To the cottage, if call'd, I'll retreat ;
I never will strive, by expence, to be fine,
Though I always intend to be neat.

When marriage has join'd us, our courtship
is o'er,
A new course of things we then find ;
A thousand attentions, exacted before,
Must now be renounc'd and resign'd.

A distinction both obvious and just, is descried,
The lover and husband between ;
And where there is room for a difference so wide,
A sameness but rarely is seen.

The husband, attentive, must mind his affairs ;
The lover, all business may shun ;
The husband, through life, has numberless cares,
The lover—we guess—has but one.

The lover I've lost—the husband I claim ;
Nor let it seem irksome or strange,
If the characters should not in all be the same,
Where there's reason so obvious for change.

I will not demand that he be by my side,
To trip and gallant me through life ;
Can the man who has business, or honour, or pride,
Devote all his time to his wife ?

If offences should come, our psace to betray,
If he talk with a passionate eye,

I will hear his reproof, whatever he say,
I will hear—but will make no reply.

The kindest of men have feelings acute,
And, with these, they may often do wrong;
'Tis best, by my silence, to end the dispute,
Which rejoinders would only prolong.

A constant succession of peace, though de-
sir'd,
We shall not be able to hold;
Yet I will not suppose that our love has ex-
pir'd,
Because, for a moment, it's cold.

'Twere much to be wish'd that wisdom di-
vine,
Would suffer no sorrow to come;
Yet I will not suppose that all evils are mine,
Because I, perhaps, may have some.

I'll often remember how great the amount
Of suffering, since Nature began;
And I will not set down to poor wedlock's
account,
Those ills, which are common to man.

About our attachment we'll make no ado;
Our fondness no witness shall know;
The love that is genuine, lasting and true,
Is without ostentation or show.

'Tis odious, 'tis shameful for us to appear
Trick'd off in fine robes not our own:
To love and to fondle when people are near,
And to chide and to hate when alone.

No deception shall blind, no smile shall
decoy,
No tear of deceit shall be shed;
While he lives I'll pretend to no hypocrite-
joy,
To no hypocrite-grief when he's dead.

Plain nature shall speak—to nature I'll keep,
Yet my duties I'll aim to fulfil.
When he's laid in the grave, if I lov'd him,
I'll weep;
If I did not, I'll pause and be still.

GRAVITATION.

The very law that moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source;
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

From the United States' Gazette.

ROSABELLE'S BOWER.

Extract from the "Broken Harp," by Henry C. Knight, just published.

Lo, the Bower, with deep alcove,
Fit recess for the queen of love.

The entrance is arch'd with a clustering vine
With broad leaves combining,
Curl'd tendrils entwining,
Wicker'd and checker'd with sweet wood-
bine,
Festoon'd aloft,
The sides and roof,
And here and there, inwoven fair,
Fringing and flouncing, every climbing flower,
That grows in Flora's land,
Display'd as if by elfin hand,
Like hanging rainbows bending,
Their hues and incense blending,
To grace the Lady of the Bower.

And, round'the skirts, there scatter'd blow
As genial months successive glow,
Snow drops white, blue wood hare-
bells,

Cowslips pale, gold asphodels,
Green amarintos, and jessamine,
Dark hyacinths, and eglantine,
And like coquets of charms profuse,
The holly, and the fleur-de-luce.
Roses with tinge like maiden's cheek,
When parents on love's wooings break;
And lilies, as a maiden pale,
When lover's assignations fail;
And hiding daises, violets, seen
Like bashful virgins in their teen.
Here, down the vale, at early day,
Each hawthorn bough, and little spray,
Troll'd with an unseen roundelay,

This was the bower of Rosabelle,
Where Kandorf bade his last farewell,
And where, when gone, she wont to hie,
And smile, and watch the glance of love,
And let the whole soul, reflected, fly,
From the blue heaven of her eye,
When fancy plac'd her lover by,
And then awaking, she would sigh,
To find her bliss ideal prove.

Hush! I hear her ardent song,
As impatient borne along:—

" Perchance is now stiffen'd a hand,
" That mine could so tenderly press,
And hush'd are the breathings so bland,
" That did vows and devotion confess.

" And quench'd is the beam in that eye,
" That wak'd in my bosom such flame
" And throbless the heart to reply,
" At the mention of Rosabelle's name.

" 'Tis strange to a feminine mind,
" That man against man can be foe;
" Wild beasts of the wood to their kind,
" More reason and lenity show.

" Come Kandorf, come Kandorf, I pray,
" My sad apprehensions to quell;
" If wounded, I by thee will stay,
" And thy nurse be thine own Rosabelle."

—:—:
For the New-York, Weekly Museum.

ON DEATH.

THERE was a time when death would seem
At best, a gloomy darksome theme;
'Tho often blest with brightning gleam
Of joy and hope;
But seen by sorrow's glimmering beam,
The spell is broke.

Cheated no more by earthly ties,
I seek for rest beyond the skies,
Where God shall dry these weeping eyes
To weep no more.
Then death, all hail! thro' thee I rise,
And God adore.

Father of mercies, may I wait,
Thy holy time, (nor tempt my fate)
Nor Mother's loss, nor Father's hate,
Make me despair,
Soon may the grave unfold its gate,
And I be there.

WARWICK.

—
H. vainly pants my throbb'ng heart,
In search of calm repose :
o aid, alas ! can hope impart,
To mitigate my woes.

ad views on every side combine,
My anguish'd soul to tear :
ould Love's soft snare my heart entwine,
My doom must be despair.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1815.

Intelligence.

By the ship Ontario from Nantz, Paris papers to the 20th Aug. have been received, which state that at that time all was quiet in France : the remains of Bonaparte's army having been disbanded, and the troops dispersed.

Col. La Bedayere, of this army, has for his strong attachment to Bonaparte, been shot to death, by the decree of the king, which denounces certain persons as traitors, whose apprehension are ordered.

It appears that at Plattsburgh, on or about the 1st of last month, a severe frost destroyed all the buckwheat, and most of the corn on the low ground, and that a scarcity of bread-stuff was apprehended. The neighbouring province of Canada, is likely to suffer from the same cause.

During the late equinoctial gale, the Light House at Point Judith (says a Newport paper) was swept away, as were most of the barns, sheds, &c. in that vicinity. Mr. William H. Knowles (living near the Point) his son, and four of his workmen, were drowned in endeavouring to save his boats. A house near Narrow River was carried off, with a family of nine persons in it, six of whom were drowned.

On Monday the Grand Jury, now sitting in this city, found a Bill against three young men charged with having occasioned the fire in Mott-Street, by which Zion Church and a very considerable number of buildings were destroyed.

By a recent decision of the Court of King's Bench, the espousal of a sister of the first wife is declared contrary to the civil as well as canonical law.—Shamrock.

IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

There is a woman now living near Miller's lane, in Manchester, (Eng.) with her fifth husband! She is in the 30th year of her age—and was a widow not more than nine weeks at a time—the last time she became a widow, it was only seven weeks. She has had thirteen children—and what is more remarkable, she was mother of five children, all born alive and baptised, before she was twenty years of age.

Quick Destruction.

An accounte (says a Salem paper,) has been taken of the number of panes of Glass broken in this town by the hail-storm of the 1st of Aug. last, and they are found to exceed 130,000, in about ten minutes! The amount of damage in the town must have been above 20,000 dollars.

The same paper adds, "in the storm on Saturday, the 23d ult. the outside of the windows in this town was found covered with a fine salt, which it seems was conveyed from the ocean through the air; and the leaves of the trees, from this cause as is supposed, are curled and crisped as with a general blast. The same effect has been observed several miles back."

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

On Monday last, by the rev. Mr. Brady, in the Episcopal Church in Pine-Street, Mr. William Rollinson, to Miss Mary Robinson, both of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Milledoler, Mr. William Poe, to Miss Lydia Van Antwerp, all of this city.

At St. John's Church, by the rev. Mr. Berrian, Mr. Abner Woodruff, of Savannah, to Miss Ann Maria Austin, of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Romeyn, Mr. Jotham Post, junr. esq. to Mrs. Julia Wattles.

By the rev. Mr. Perine, Mr. George K. Drake, esq. of Morristown, (N. J.) to Miss Mary A. Halsey, daughter of Mr. Jacob Halsey, of this city,

By the Rt. rev. Bishop Hobart, Mr. Cornelius S. Bartow, merchant, to Miss Hannah Wright, daughter of late Dr. John G. Wright, of Westchester.

By the rev. Mr. Kuyper, Mr. Edward Dunscomb, to Miss Mary Abeel, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. M'Clay, Mr. Michael Hall, to Miss Rachel Ackerman.

By the rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. James A. Webb, to Miss Ann W. King, all of this city.

At Troy. Mr. John R. Peters, merchant of this city, to Miss Abbey Covil, of the former place.

Obituary.

The city Inspector reports tha death of 58 persons in this city, from the 23d day of Sept. to the 30th day of the same month, 1815—of the following Diseases :

Cold 1, consumption 10, convulsions 4, cramp in the stomach 1, diarrhoea 3, dropsy 1, dropsy in the head 1, drowned 1, dysentery 7, typhus fever 3, infantile flux 3, hives or croup 2, inflammation of the bowels 1, insanity 1, mortification 1, old age 1, pleurisy 1 pneumonia typhoides 1, small pox 1, sprue 1, still born 6, teething 2, vomiting blood 1, whooping cough 4.

Of whom were of the age of 1 year and under, 17; between the age of 1 and 2 years, 7; 2 and 5, 5; 5 and 10, 3; 10 and 20, 3; 20 and 30, 5; 30 and 40, 9; 40 and 50, 3; 50 and 60, 4; 70 and 80, 1; 80 and 90 1.

DIED,

After a short illness, Mr. Charles Rudd, bookseller, in the 32d year of his age.

After a long and painful illness, Mrs. Rachel Scott, wife of Mr. Richard Scott, bookseller, in the 25th year of her age.

Mrs. Christiana Stokes, wife of Mr. J. Stokes, aged 32 years.

Mr. Harman Johnson, sen. at an advanced age.

FATAL CASUALTIES.

The coroner was called this day a week to view the body of James Tappan, a native of Sag-Harbor. He was a respectable young man, by trade a mason, aged 22 years; fell from Mr. Huett's building, corner of Broadway and Reed-Street by the breaking of a scaffold-plank, and instantly expired.

Was picked up last Monday morning, the body of David Burn, a coloured man, accidentally drowned at Courtlandt-street dock—he was 22 years of age, native of (L. I.)

AWFUL CASE.

SOME time ago a handsome and very intelligent youth whose name is Henry Pargeter Lewis, the son of a respectable attorney in Dudly, was placed for a probationary time, previously to an intended apprenticeship, with a surgeon and apothecary, of the name of Powel, in the immediate vicinity of one of our great schools. He had not been there long before one of the scholars who lodged at the surgeon's in league with the servant-boy of the house, devised the following stratagem to frighten him. One night, during the absence of the master, the servant boy concealed himself under the bed of Henry, before the latter retired to rest, and remained there till the hour of midnight: when, on a preconcerted signal of three raps at the chamber door, in stalked the school-boy, habited in a white sheet, with his face horridly disguised, and bearing a lighted candle in his hand,—the servant boy, at the same moment heaving on the bed under Henry with his back. How long this was acted it is not known. It was done long enough, however, completely to dethrone the reason of the unfortunate youth, who, it is supposed immediately covered himself with the bed-clothes and so continued till morning. On his not rising at the usual time, some one of the family went to call him; and, not answering, except by incoherent cries, was discovered in the state described. The melancholy tidings of his situation were conveyed to his friends, on his removal to them; the facts having been disclosed, partly by the confession of the servant boy, and partly by the unfortunate youth, himself, during the few lucid intervals which occurred in the course of the first year after his misfortune. His father and mother were then living; but now they are both dead, and the little property they left to support him is now nearly exhausted, together with a small subscription which was also raised to furnish him with neces-

saries and to reimburse a person to take care of him. He is perfectly harmless and gentle, being rather in a state of idiocy than insanity, seldom betraying any symptoms of violent emotion, except occasionally about midnight (the time of this unhappy disaster) when full of indescribable terror, he exclaims, "Oh! they are coming, they are coming!"—All hopes of recovery is at an end, more than twenty years having elapsed since the catastrophe happened. The name of him who was the contriver and chief agent of the fatal mischief, is withheld from motives of delicacy. If living he may contribute to alleviate the misery he occasioned. He was at that time a youth of large expectations—should he now possess affluence, his own heart will dictate what he ought to do. This pitiable case may at once prove a warning to the inconsiderate, and stimulate the good to its relief.—*London Paper.*

If you can once bring your mind to a due observance of Sunday, you may safely leave the regulations of the other days to themselves.

WANTED.

A BOY from 12 to 14 years of age, to learn the TAYLORING BUSINESS.—Apply at No. 140 Front-Street.

OCT. 7.

(tf.)

NEEDLES.

A FRESH supply just received and for sale by.

A. & F. OGSBURY,
No. 77 William-Street.

Sept. 23. (3t.)

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